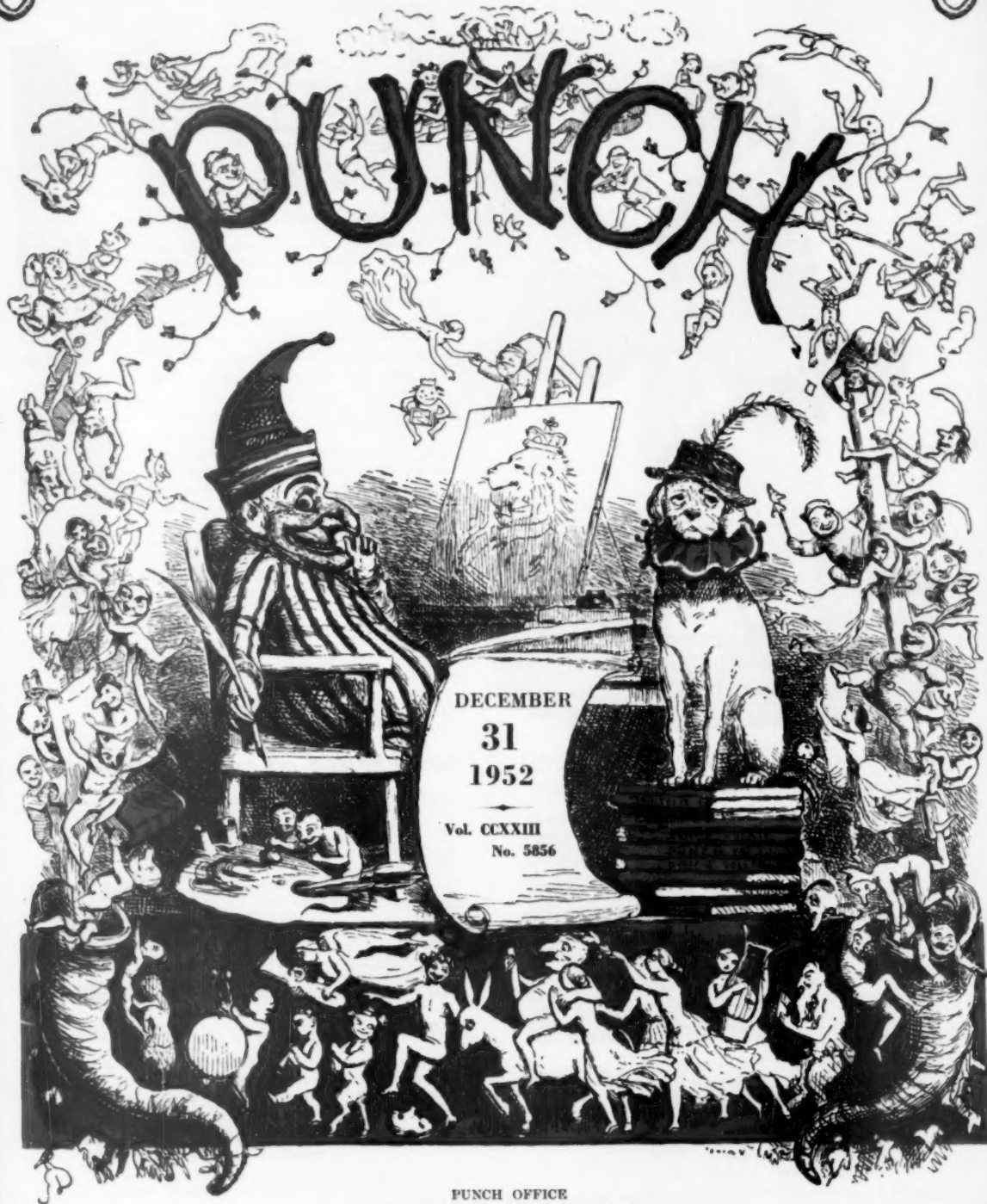


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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31 1952

6<sup>p</sup>

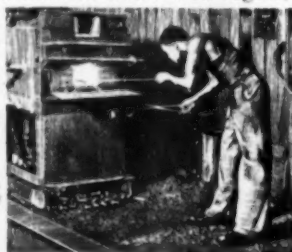
PUNCH OFFICE  
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



Call  
a spade

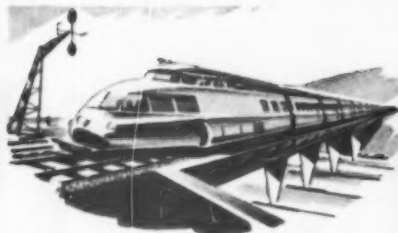
CALL A SPADE what you will, it is symbolically the fundamental implement for every enterprise. Sound spade work means the task is well begun: it shows in the smooth running of the job and the swift completion according to plan.

Heating rivets in furnace at Banister Walton's works, Trafford Park, Manchester.



**Banister, Walton  
build in steel**

BANISTER, WALTON & CO. LTD. STRUCTURAL STEEL (Riveted—Welded)  
LONDON—42 Victoria St., S.W.1. MANCHESTER 17—Trafford Park. BIRMINGHAM 18—67/69 Western Rd.



*A seat facing the future . . .*

No trailing sparks, not a snort or a shriek as the 6.35 pulls out from Platform 3. The steam dragon has its rivals now in the shape of the gas-turbine and the diesel. In years to come. . .

Who can say? In the future your seat may be facing an engine capable of hauling a 600-ton load from London to Plymouth, in dead silence, on an egg-cupful of fuel. Your very small talk may be of relative thermal efficiencies. . .

And if you get there on time, in a third of the time, without hitch in your plans or smut on your collar, will you sigh for the lost romance of steam as you beckon your helicoptercab? Or thank Progress for progressing, and T.I. for the very practical help which they habitually lend to the turning of dreams into reality?

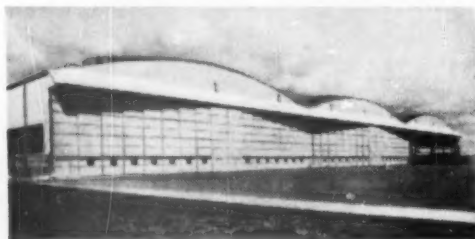
**T.I.'s FIFTY-ONE FACTORIES SERVE THE WORLD\***

\* Precision tubes—tubular components—wrought aluminium—bicycles—electrical equipment and appliances—high pressure cylinders—mechanical handling—metal sections—bus body skeletons—gland packings—tubular furniture—paints—road signs.

TUBE INVESTMENTS LTD., THE ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2. (TRAFALGAR 5635)

**HANGARS**

*are needed all over the world—*



*and S.M.D. is supplying them!*

S.M.D. Aluminium Hangars are permanent buildings, directly competitive in cost with steel or concrete . . . plus STARTLING erection times . . . and, of course, no painting is required. Let us send you details.

**ALMIN LIMITED • FARNHAM ROYAL • BUCKS**  
FARNHAM COMMON 595

Aluminium Hangars are built by S.M.D. ENGINEERS of Slough, the construction company of the Almin Group

*If it's Aluminium—ask Almin!*



The skis are no more than a couple of inches apart. The whole body, first crouched, inclines forward at the take-off into a straight line, rigid from the ankles. The arms sweep up like wings. The eyes are fixed on the touch-down. **It all adds up to a happy landing, seventy metres away in the valley.**

### HEAD FIRST

The brains which are shaping our Nation's prosperous future  
are the brains in Industry's back room. The companies of A.E.I.,  
integrated but independent, have long been noted for the breadth  
and vigour of their pooled ideas. Between them they spend a million pounds  
a year on research. This is a part of the price of progress.  
It is a measure of the stature of Associated Electrical Industries.

These are the companies of A.E.I.  
Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co Ltd  
The British Thomson-Houston Co Ltd  
The Edison Swan Electric Co Ltd  
Ferguson Patin Ltd  
The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co Ltd  
International Refrigerator Co Ltd  
Newton Victor Ltd  
Premier Electric Heaters Ltd  
Savile Controls Ltd

It all adds up to

**A E I**

Associated Electrical Industries



## December

As the year moves to its close, we remember with pleasure the friendly relations which exist between ourselves and hundreds of thousands of customers. To all of them, wherever they may be, we offer our seasonal greetings and good wishes.

**MIDLAND BANK**

OVER 2,100 BRANCHES TO SERVE YOU



There is much to be gained from letters that are neat and well-typed. They inspire confidence and command respect. Many business houses insist that all their important letters are typed on an Imperial because of the very high quality of the typewritten work Imperial typewriters produce. This is the result of the scrupulous care we take in every stage of typewriter production. In our Leicester factories, the largest and most modern in the British Empire, a system of inspection and testing has been evolved which ensures that every typewriter—and every part of every typewriter—conforms to the highest standards of efficient performance.

**Imperial**



Made in Britain by British Craftsmen  
IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY LIMITED · LEICESTER  
ENGLAND

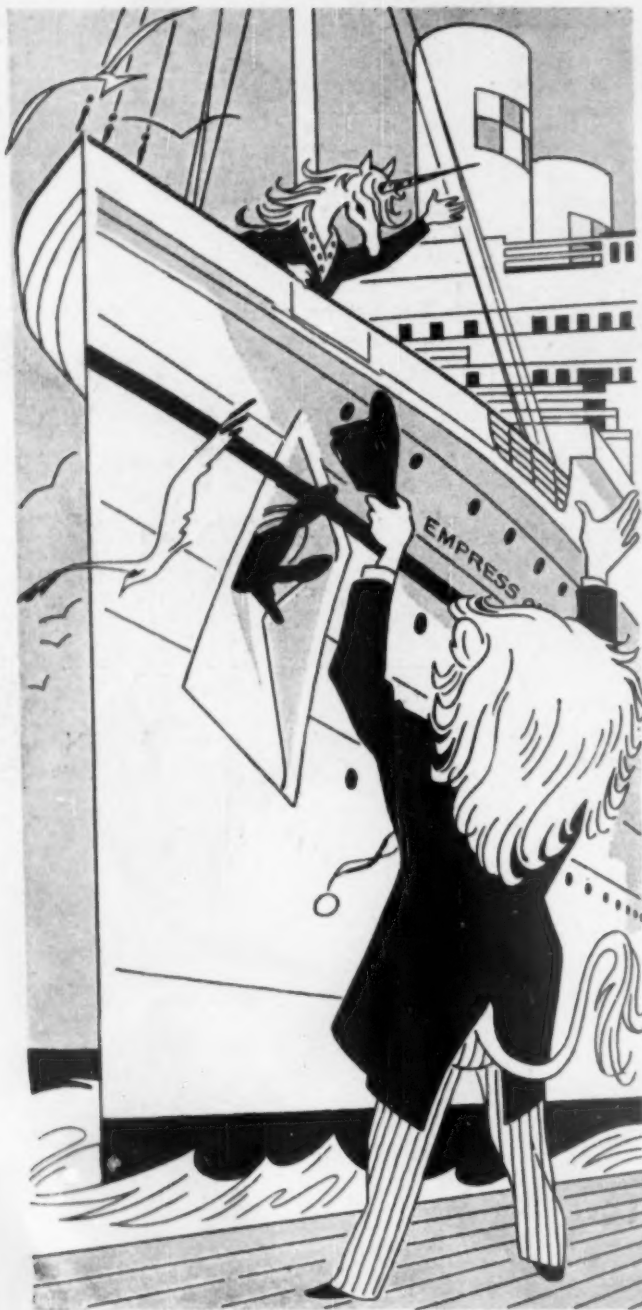




*The Directors at Accles & Pollock  
seldom if ever do any work*

without thinking long and seriously  
they have been getting their teeth stuck  
into a problem sent by a sweet manufacturer with a kind heart  
and a keen eye to business what he wants apparently is a better way  
of making coconut chips fishing about  
for an answer he remembered Accles & Pollock  
stainless steel tubes hundreds and thousands of sticky jobs  
in the confectionery business have been cleaned up  
for good and all Accles & Pollock's personal points point  
to this one being licked  
into shape any minute now  
the Directors will form into a ginger  
group to help themselves  
once again to crystallise  
their thoughts going straight  
to the bull's eyes  
and no humbug at all

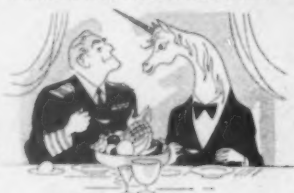




## En route with the Unicorn

"Lucky creature, to be crossing in an Empress" said the Lion, as he waved goodbye when the Unicorn went to Canada.

Real beds—wide beds. Lovely big lounges. Miles of deck space for games and dancing. And oh, that fabulous Canadian Pacific food!



The Unicorn could almost wish the voyage would never end...

Here he is again—very much at home this time in a Canadian Pacific train.

Brother, he's got something there! (This is Canada, you know).



He's got a Roomette all his own, with Bigger and Better scenery flashing past all day—and all night, if he can keep awake to watch it. He's got Club Cars, Dining Cars, Observation Cars—and an enormous engine to eat up the miles. He is a lucky creature. But remember you too can travel C.P.R.

Your authorised agent or

### Canadian Pacific

Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. (Whitehall 5100).  
103 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3. (Avenue  
4707) LONDON and offices throughout  
Britain and the Continent.



## CHARIVARIA

**C**ONFIDENTLY leaving to our sterner contemporaries the usual comprehensive evaluation of world affairs at the close of 1952, we can't help remarking, all the same, that a year which ends with conferences on N.A.T.O., surveys of S.H.A.P.E., reports on G.A.T.T., discussions on E.P.U., the findings of O.E.E.C., a legal battle between A.I.O.C. and E.P.I.M., and the resignation of the director-general of W.H.O., finds us, at the opening of 1953, not quite sure W.H.A.T.'s W.H.A.T.

"SUSPENDED GIRL GOES ON ACTING"  
Headline in the *News Chronicle*

Not much of a Peter Pan if she doesn't.

"If there is the slightest infringement of privilege," a prison superintendent is reported to have told the men recently, "there will not only be individual punishment but, if necessary, the concert party will be disbanded." It is hoped that a few altruistic spirits will make the necessary moves.

"An important clause makes it clear that the sub-section of the 1944 Act which lays down that schools established otherwise than by a local education authority should be maintained as voluntary schools applies only to schools established otherwise than by a local education authority should be maintained as voluntary schools, applies only to schools vested in a local education authority after April 1, 1945."

*Liverpool Daily Post*

What was the date again?

"You need eight slices of bread . . . and four slices of cheese just under a quarter of an inch thick and of the same surface size as the bread. Put each piece of cheese between the two slices of bread, be sure it does not hang over the edges, and . . ."—Cookery hint in the *News Chronicle*

Hang over! Be lucky if it reaches.

A doctor complains in a letter to the Press that his patients nowadays, nourished on popular-magazine articles about vitamins and antibiotics, cortisone and chlorophyll, seem to know more about treatment for their ailments than he does. The answer is to keep them in the waiting-room reading obsolete medical journals, while he sits in the surgery feverishly mugging up the popular magazines.

"Mr. Abbey said a wage-increase of twopence an hour was anticipated in January, but it might be possible to make some slight saving over the year. They might be faced with heavy expenditure on certain types of non-traditional houses which they had stopped building in the future."

*Bristol Evening World*

One thing, they won't have to find the money until some time ago.

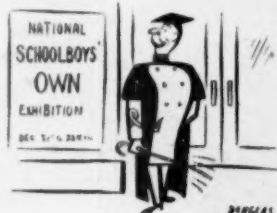
Attractions now on offer by the airlines include an eighteen per cent saving on fares to the Caribbean, a champagne lunch on the Paris-bound Epicurean Air Restaurant, long-lasting currency in Madeira, free food and drink to Australia, Spanish courtesy as far as the



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Canary Islands and no tips, no extras all the way to Johannesburg. It's just a matter of getting away from the office.

"Phelim Maguire, of Bunduff, Co. Sligo, used a telephone for the first time yesterday, to celebrate his 100th birthday."

*A news item*

He was probably well up the waiting-list.

There is to be no alteration in the statutory date for the beginning of Summer Time next year, which remains at April 19. After that, London theatregoers will be able to get to the Christmas pantomimes in daylight.

Needless public disquiet was aroused by the disclosure, in the House, that a Coronation offer made

to two Commonwealth visitors consisted of seats on the route and a fortnight's board and lodging at a charge of five hundred and fifty guineas for each person. It has since been explained that this will include eggs for breakfast.

The revelation that a dangerous and invisible atomic cloud escaped recently through a pin-point puncture in the Canadian atom-reactor at Chalk River, Ontario, has led to redoubled precautions against any leakage at Harwell.

"When Balcombe railway station booking office was left unattended last night for ten minutes the locked door was burst open and twenty pounds in notes and cash stolen. The thief, who timed his raid to a minute, got away. Balcombe is one of the show-pieces among the smaller stations along the London-Brighton line. It is noted for its trim appearance and brightly-coloured flower-beds."—*Brighton Evening Argus*

Nothing trampled, we hope.

## NEXT YEAR AT THE SPEAKIES



"Apologies to Mr. and Mrs. Welch of Greenleaves, Little Wissington, Bucks, Miss B. Clarke of 13a Upshot Mansions, N.W. 12, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, the twins, Uncle Bob, Cousin Em and Rover of 17 Bushytop Gardens . . ."

I DO feel that next year the present vogue for creepies will be even further extended, though leaving room, of course, for a ration of weepies, and allowing just one or two deepies for the loftier-browed film-goer, don't you think?

Nature, naturally, has its devotees too, as long as it is sincere. I feel, especially spring-time; and cheep-cheepies will ever remain good box-office. The same applies to a well-done reapie—the countryman, or woman, that is deep down in all of us loves corn, however sophisticated we like to appear.

Talking of sophistication, I am sure we are going to see many, many more films dealing frankly with "forbidden" subjects; there's an immense following for just-a-bit steepies—it's amazing, really, how frank as well as forbidding most people are. Though one must say that deep down in all of us there is the eternal child that simply adores what I call "Fairbanks-historical"—if you know what I mean—so that 1953 is bound to have at least a few leapies to look forward to.

On the other hand, audiences do seem to have had their fill of heroic G.I.s, so jeepies are out of it for next year, I am sure; if they are shown it will mean just one more sleepee for us to have to yawn through.

All in all, however, we can look forward to a bright film-year, I do feel. And talking of looking forward, I'm sure we are going to see more and more of those divine U-trailer-advertising-A-film things. In fact if I could choose a programme just for my own little self I would have literally nothing else but peepies in it at all.

So, on to 1953, so to speak!

JUSTIN RICHARDSON

## PUZZLE CORNER

THOUGH rhubarb's nourishing food, no doubt,

And beetroot carries no stigma, That anyone bothers to can the stuff Is a plain, old-fashioned enigma.





*"Look bare when we take down the decorations, won't it?"*

## KER-WHUMP

**T**HE American comic, with its lurid cover, stood out a mile from its more staid British counterparts lying on the counter of the bookstall on Number One platform.

It was an irresistible temptation to the juvenile side of my nature, and, making sure no one was watching, I picked it up.

In large letters it claimed to be a genuine Korean war story; even better, although unadvertised, it contained its own visual sound effects . . .

Two simultaneous explosions, in large letters, went bam and boom, while a nearby gun, vaguely resembling a howitzer, in slightly smaller letters went pow and blam.

A machine-gun was tac-tac-tacking and an enemy bullet pt-pt-powwed its way through the air,

while an invisible something went pou-ww.

There was a period of silence while troops planned and manoeuvred, until an enemy sniper was fired upon ka-pow, thup, thud and finally hit with a splat.

The heavy artillery went into action and all available space was filled with gigantic ker-whumps and kaufffis.

In the fighting that ensued, the air was filled with spluts, p-tows, aaaack-kks, rraa-a-aacs, pungs and poongs. A brief lull and then the silence was broken by a sudden braaa, though how that strayed into the battlefield I cannot imagine.

In quick succession there followed a miscellaneous assortment of sounds, including clup, pi-i-nng, klunk and a very big whnup, which wiped out dozens of men.

There was a claa-anggg as a tank advanced towards the enemy

lines with a rrrr-rummmm, changed its tone to zzzzzzzummmm and finally moved across to the next page with a defiant vrrruuuuuuuu-mmmmbbblllll.

Meanwhile, a heavy air attack had started and bombs were distorting the page with their ka-bam, kabloom, ka-pow and a final vicious ker-blaamber.

A trio of aircraft dived low; the first made a dog-like graurrrr, the second, although a jet, was whirrrrring, while number three rather spoilt things with a feeble swoosh and I was glad when it got blown up by a brooom.

The Chinese Reds were by now completely demoralized and it took only a vrvloom and a ploww to set them running out of the last page, crying aie, aie, aie as they went.

Just then my train came bruuumblty-ptshwaaaashm into the station.

## FULL CIRCLE

THE gods in solemn conclave sit:  
Great Jove commands, "Come, Flora, fill  
The empty Earth with plant and leaf  
(Ask Phœbus for some chlorophyll)."

Each dawn, from his connubial couch,  
Tithonus bids Aurora fill  
The skies with limpid light—and so  
Green grows the grass with chlorophyll.

The sylvan scene is set for man.  
See Adam, the explorer, fill  
His store with Earth's abundant fruits  
(And, incidentally, chlorophyll).

In latter days the advert. men  
Have found a real top-scorer: "Fill  
Those extra sheets with Nature's Green."  
(O profitable chlorophyll!)

So now it lurks in lozenges,  
Its hues the hair-restorer fill;  
Our tablets, toothpastes, toilet soaps  
Are green as grass with chlorophyll.

Jove speaks again. "Juventas, come  
(You classic nectar-pourer!), fill  
My cup. You know what Juno is—  
So don't forget the chlorophyll!"

❧ ❧

MEMORIALS OF THE  
RADDLETHORPE U.D.C.

15 December, 1952

## 254. Clerk to Chairman

1. There are four herrings to the warp and 33 warps to the long hundred. While supporting your general statement that time waits for no man I cannot entirely agree that the compulsory introduction of these terms as the standards for herring trading within the urban district would have the beneficial results suggested in your memorandum. Circumstances may be different in coastal and riparian towns but I have made inquiries and find that most Raddlethorpe people buy herrings by the pound. They are by nature conservative and would not, to take a homely example, find it easy to ask for one quarter of a warp when wishing to purchase a single herring for the cat. We could, however, if you consider the arguments overwhelming, introduce the warp into, say, Parkin Street Ward on an experimental basis in order to assess its effect on the urban district as a whole.

2. Wool weights are in a different case. I cannot but agree that 6½ tods to the wey (where the tod equals two stones) is a cumbersome measure, but there are strong objections to your proposals to introduce the seven-tod wey in Raddlethorpe. Wey-todage is integral with sack-weyage and last-sackage, there being two weys to the sack and 12 sacks to the last. (This last must not be confused with the last of herrings, or 3,300 warps.) The seven-tod wey would, I fear, entail the 1'857-wey sack. You quote *Collins' New Gem Dictionary* for the allegation that "in some parts of England and Scotland the stone of 24 pounds is still used." That position, I am happy to say, does not obtain in Raddlethorpe, and if you are agreeable I should prefer to keep the 14-pound stone. (In some parts of the South of England, I am informed, the gill means a quarter of a pint.)

3. A Weights and Measures Committee of the Council such as you propose would, I fear, lead to unnecessary expense and an added burden on your Clerk. The Ferries Committee created at your suggestion has held only one meeting (in 1949), at which it was decided that the potential traffic across the Rut midway between the Parkin Street and Cover Point Street bridges did not warrant the employment of a ferryman.

4. I have closely examined the records since 1434 and you are correct in stating that the Court Leet had not hitherto met on Martinmas. In that sense the meeting over which you presided on November 11 did, as you say, "constitute a milestone."

17 December, 1952

## 255. Chairman to Clerk

I am organizing a week-end school for wheelwrights and shall want the use of the Baths Hall on the 20th-21st. County Alderman Loom, the industrial psychologist, told me in conversation recently how important it is to get ideas across to the man on the shop floor and the factory bench, and I agree with him. I hope he will give us a talk. I am also inviting Arnold Clax, the dramatist, who was born near Raddlethorpe. Perhaps you would care to look at the agenda! I should welcome any criticisms but I think it is rather good as it stands.

## SATURDAY

## Afternoon

## (1) Open discussion.

Theme: "Legislature, Executive, and Wheelwright."

## (2) Study groups:

- (i) The wheelwright and his attitude to the playwright.
- (ii) The playwright and his attitude to the wheelwright.

## Evening

## (3) Lecture: "Spokes, their place in wheels."

## Questions.

## (4) "Right Wheel!" Some comical reminiscences



YEAR OF GRACE



"Then, as the coach thundered down the hill, one of the horses cast a shoe."

kindly given by ex-Sgt. W. ("Bill") Dodds, foreman wheelwright.

#### SUNDAY

##### Morning

- (1) Open discussion.

Theme: "Raddlethorpe." (Including visit to tram sheds.)

- (2) County Alderman Loom: "Group behaviour-patterns in industrial tea-breaks."

##### Afternoon (Ladies invited)

- (3) Study group reports.

- (4) "I married a wheelwright." (The Woman's Point of View).

How long do you think we should allow for discussion?

Thank you for your note. You forgot to mention the cran of herrings (37½ gallons).

18 December, 1952

##### 256. Clerk to Surveyor

Do you know of any wheelwrights in Raddlethorpe? He wants to organize a "week-end school" at the Baths Hall, but it will clash with the Rut Lane School Gala. He seems to have given up the idea of a traffic fly-over on Mrs. Egglestone's shop in Cover Point Street, so you

seem fairly safe for a while. I don't think we shall hear any more about the warp.

18 December, 1952

##### 257. Additions to Council Agenda

Coun. Bradawl to move: "That the report of the Baths and Wash-houses Committee be referred back."

Amendment (Coun. Plinth): "Insert 'not' before 'referred back.'"

Coun. Tuft to move: "Next business."

19 December, 1952

##### 258. Chairman to Surveyor

Harness has reminded me that we have not had a meeting of the Ferries Committee. I was unable to attend the last meeting when the plan for a ferry at the bottom of Mytholmroyd Street was shelved, and I think it is time the question was reconsidered. Could you question people using the two bridges over a period of, say, a week, as you did before? Urban districts are allowed to operate ferries, and I am convinced there is a need for one, whatever people say. I will convene a meeting on December 31, so that will give you plenty of time. By the way, I read the other day that urban district councils are allowed to operate light railways.

##### 259. Surveyor to Clerk

[Withdrawn]



## SNAX AT JAX

XVII

THE aged man lowered his string bag defiantly to the floor.

"'Ullo," said Jack, starting back as if affrighted, "comp'ny. Too cold for up the bowls, is it, dad?"

"Catch me in 'ere," said the old man belligerently, "on'y for this shoppin'."

The string bag subsided suddenly and a packet of ground rice fell out.

The old man kicked it aggressively. "Elp-yer-flamin'-self co-op it was," he announced. "I went round," he added with an air of having given it a fair chance.

"Cuppa tea then, Mr. Peasmarsh?" asked Jack, displaying a cup and waving at the urn.

"This young party," said Dad Peasmarsh, "she says 'Rations?' she says. 'What kinda bacon you want? Collar?' she says. I says 'Collar, cuffs, anythink you like,' I says, and she goes and stacks it in this basket, on'y some other party stacks it all out again when you pay up after and 'ere's me left with this bag like I was afore. Can't see no advantage in it really. One o' these 'elp yerself co-ops."

"Well then," said Jack, "nice cuppa char, eh?"

The old man waved it impatiently aside.

"One egg a book," she says," he went on. "Standing there, done up like a dog's dinner. Eggs. Crummy, I get cheesed orf waitin' fer more eggs; 'angin' on, 'angin' on." His eyes glistened reminiscently. "You can always fall back on an egg," he added.

"Eekernomics for yer," said Jack. "Little while back it all used ter be tinned snake or summink, from the Caper Good 'Ope. No good if you've a gastric stomach like take me for instance."

"Then there's the population gettin' older," said the postman at the end of the counter.

"Eekernomics!" snorted the old man. "Not worth a light, them blokes. I come through more crises than they've 'ad 'ot dinners, them

blokes. Always grow yer own, that's my advice. Termaters, brussels, chesdrawsful of per-taters I got, 'ome."

"You get wore out sprayin' on that caper," said the postman. "Ev'ry time I go past the allotments, 'ere's old dad. Spray, spray, spray. I tell yer, it's summink 'orrible."

"Reckon it'd make 'im gasp fer a cuppa char, would you, Pincher?" asked Jack. "Or a sandwich, piece of Sexton Blake or anythink?"

"Sales talk, all that," said the old man derisively. "Same as Ron 'Opkins up the 'op gardens, September. Spends 'arf 'is time tryin' to flog me some chrome-plated 'armonica. 'Take me,' 'e says, 'always on the go; no time fer appreciatin' music. Only you,' 'e says, 'nice sit down all the time and you want a bit of an 'obby,' 'e says."

"All the same," said Jack, "'ow you reckon I'm going to sell all these flamers"—gesturing at the sandwiches—"without I can't—"

Dad Peasmarsh held up a hand.

"Rush, rush," he pronounced. "All you blokes 're all the same. Take young Martin there in 'is van. I never can't seem to get down the door to get my Glad's 'usband's food parcels 'e sends, afore 'e's orf again, call termorrer."

"'Ere, now," said Pincher. "Well! Some blokes! 'Ang about knockin', 'arf hour or more, then if they come to the door they want change of 'arf a nicker for the gas or ask me 'ow much stamps they want to put on some parcel. Reckon I'm an I Speak Your Weight machine or summink."

"Ho," said Dad angrily, "you all dolled up in that natty uniform, van and all, you don't reckon you're servin' the old public, you don't, ho no."

Pincher sniffed. "Weerl," he said darkly, "weerl, some of the public I know seemta, soon as they 'ear the door, orf they go creepin' upstairs 'n look out the

bedroom winder; make sure it ain't old Norm come collectin' the rent before they come down answerin' the door."

"Hoo!" said Dad with considerable heat, "you stand there, young Martin! You want to watch it a bit, my old mate, I tell yer."

"Cuppa tea, gents?" asked Jack quickly. "It's not that I mind, only you 'll 'ave old Else come in a bit sharpish in 'arf a tick."

"And you want to watch you don't run into blokes like the other day," went on Dad, ignoring this. "Bashed into me, you did, up that crosssing with your mudguards."

"Woor," said the postman, hunching into his coat, "couldn't 'urt you, them. Made o' rubber, they are, special. Rubber." He moved to the door.

"'Ere," called Dad, ferreting his groceries together again, "Only want rubber lamp-posts now and you blokes 'll be laughin'."

ALAN HACKNEY





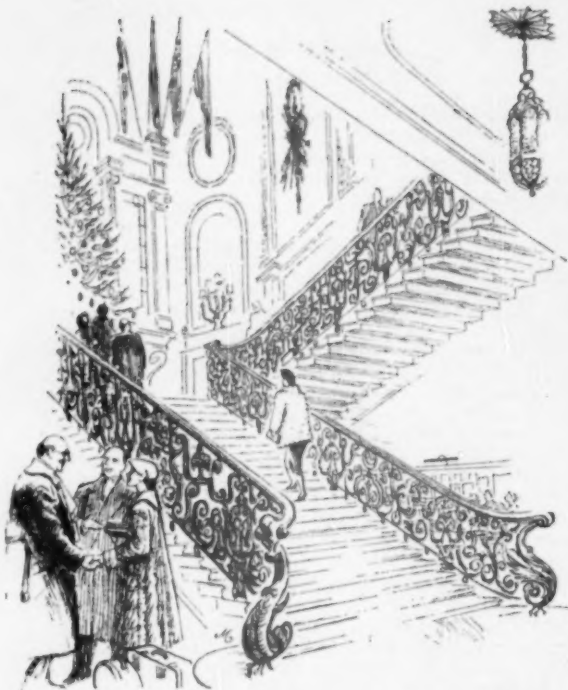
"A POLL taken a few years ago showed that a very large number of Americans thought Canada paid tribute to Britain, and among them were many inhabitants of Detroit who had only to cross to Windsor to ask the first passer-by to learn better!"

"Americans realize that it is only in *Alice in Wonderland* that the Queen can say 'Off with their heads.' But, apart from the hang-over of George III v. George Washington, there is a lingering suspicion."

We could go on from these two points (made by Professor D. W. Brogan) to compile a formidable list of Anglo-American misunderstandings. Many Englishmen, some Americans think, are lazy, stuffy, snobbish, grasping and perfidious. We cannot cook, we do not wash, we have no sense of humour, and we are crashing bores.

Many Americans, some of us think, are flashy, impolite, grasping, opinionated and rather coarse. They cannot cook, they spit, they have no sense of humour, and they are crashing bores.

We know more about the Americans than about any other people on earth, and we still do not understand them. A common language can be a serious barrier to real understanding, especially when it is used loosely and extravagantly as a vehicle of international entertainment. We know that Hollywood is not America, but we have



a veated interest in forgetfulness whenever we go to the pictures.

On the surface, of course, everything is fine. At regular intervals we attend chummy meetings where avuncular speakers urge upon us the necessity of cementing the bonds of friendship between the Commonwealth and the rich land beyond the waters of the Atlantic Ocean: and we applaud these after-dinner cement-mixers, bond-weavers, chain-forgers, bridge-builders and stepping-stone manufacturers for all we are worth. "Capital!" we say. "Perfectly splendid, my dear fellow. Do a lot of good!"

But in our hearts we know that it won't. The platitudes and clichés have worn too thin and hollow.

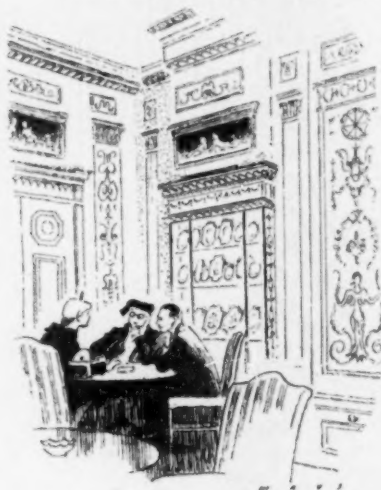
Undertaken in this mood of disenchantment and disillusionment a visit to the English-Speaking Union headquarters at Dartmouth House, Charles Street, London, can be almost embarrassingly uplifting and stimulating; for here the cement is grade A and bonds of true and

lasting friendship are being forged before one's very eyes . . .

Mr. Harry Pierce Upscheider (say) of Louisville (Ky.) is one of the hundred thousand or so Americans who visit Britain each year. He knows little of Britain, has no ties, and no distant relations to look up. He reaches Charles Street bewildered and apprehensive. He is welcomed by trained welcomers and encouraged to talk. Mr. Upscheider, it soon appears, is an architect, a chess player, a teetotaler and a student of poetry. The charming hostesses of Dartmouth House consult their files—confidential records of the thousands of British subjects who are eager to befriend transatlantic visitors. How about Mr. James Broome (say) of Watford? "Age, forty-two. Married, with one daughter. A.R.I.B.A., and sometime consultant to the Ministry of Works. Hobbies—cycling, cricket." Well, perhaps. But Mr. and Mrs. Blankhurse, of Arundel, sound even more suitable. He is an architect:

she plays chess. A meeting is arranged, and Mr. Upscheider's apprehension disappears. Blank-horse puts him at ease immediately with a discussion about Frank Lloyd Wright, and Mrs. B. delights him with her Ruy Lopez gambit.

The E.S.U. of the Commonwealth has twenty-eight branches in Great Britain, four in New Zealand, three in Australia, two in Canada, one each in India, Bermuda and Malta;



and the E.S.U. of the United States (19-21 East Fifty-fourth Street, New York) has fifty-three branches, from Houston (Texas) to Boston (Mass.), from Williamsburg (Va.) to Portland (Ore.), and each of these centres is an agency through which overseas visitors can get in touch with local residents with kindred interests and inclinations.

It is easy enough to understand a country when we can live, work and play in it for years, but the chance acquaintances that we make on a short trip may be ruinously misleading. The G.I. who meets only pub-spongers and touts takes home a poor impression of the English: the Limey who encounters nothing in New York but the florid extravagance of the nite-spots learns next to nothing of the American way of life.

Since the war about fourteen hundred teachers have crossed the

Atlantic to take up temporary teaching posts in the schools of Britain and America. Every year more than a hundred British teachers swap jobs with Americans, and this admirable scheme is partly financed and administered by the E.S.U. In thirty years this scheme should ensure (always assuming that my maths are correct) that at least 1,350,000 children on each side of the Atlantic are being taught by people with more than a nodding acquaintance with the problems of Anglo-American understanding. A quicker way to achieve the same result would be to raise the number in each class or form to fifty or sixty, but the education authorities, I am told, are opposed to this.

The finances of this exchange system are tricky. "Mrs. — (the wife of an American teacher newly arrived in Golders Green) appreciates the Welfare services in England, the cheap orange juice, the free cod liver oil, the cheap milk for her small son and also the family health service. She works harder at housework over here than in Pasadena, and there is less time for leisure pursuits. Her husband is delighted to find that it costs only 1s. 6d. (\$0.21) to get a haircut. In the States it would cost 7s. 6d. (\$1.05), but the high cost of cigarettes over here (7s. 2d. for forty) easily cancels out this advantage."

Miss — (of Worthing) spent last year in America as an exchange teacher and worked at Louisville, Kentucky. Her total income was \$2000 (£350 net salary, £225 government grant, £145 private money). She found everything very expensive

\*From *The English-Speaking World*, the magazine of the E. S. U.

—butter at seven shillings a pound, chops at 8s. a lb., milk at 1s. 9d. an American quart. She was not covered by the National Health Service.

It is always something of a struggle, in either country, for the new arrival to make ends meet—and this is true also of the university graduates and schoolboys who cross the Atlantic under various scholarship schemes and with E.S.U. backing. But there are no easy shortcuts to complete understanding: our British reserve and frigid politeness are incomprehensible to Americans until they have experienced our frightful overcrowding, and the American's "Howdy, stranger!" seems unnecessarily "forward" to the Englishman who has no knowledge of wide open spaces. To appreciate American Football (there was that dreadful business at Wembley the other day when the Fürstenfeldbruck Eagles murdered the Burtonwood Bullets) we have to be on terms with America's native ebullience, pep and gladiatorial hulla-balloo; and to make anything of a day at Lord's an American must be able to tune in to our slightly ridiculous, glacial, phlegmatic addiction to gradualness.

The E.S.U. and its branches have about fifty thousand members (the annual subscription is now one pound) and could, I guess, do with many more. And when I say "I guess" I use the expression as it is used in America to connote supposition or assumption and as it *was* used (according to H. L. Mencken) by Chaucer and Shakespeare. The English-Speaking Union, you see, is not an Anglo-American-speaking union. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





"Well, for goodness' sake, can't anybody remember how the wretched tune goes?"



## LAST OF THE LINE

THE sun had already sunk below the farther hills when I came out over the top of the tor and turned down into the valley. According to my map this should be the main road to Merehampton, but I was already beginning to wonder whether I had not been guilty of some confusion. The heather had been closing in for some time, and the car skidded badly among the loose flints and peaty hummocks of the road surface. Indeed, as I came down the hill, I found it easier to lock the wheels altogether and move sledge-wise towards the stream which followed, if it did not actually skirt the foot of the slope.

Further progress being eventually barred by a derelict dry-stone wall, the car came to rest and I had time to look about me. I could not (though I am well practised in this form of self-deceit) disguise from myself the sinister nature of the landscape in which I now, not to put too fine a point upon it, found myself. On the other side of the wall the stream broadened into a pool whose black eddies disclosed now and then some livid, circulating object which I was happily unable to distinguish in the rapidly failing light. Elsewhere, beyond cavel, it brawled. Large stones, no doubt the relics of some not undeservedly forgotten race, lay everywhere in the utmost disorder; and although the forest ahead was sufficiently thick to block the valley from side to side, a closer examination revealed that the trees were, individually, stunted.

However, as the light was now failing more rapidly than ever, there was little, and indeed nothing, to be gained by hesitation. I therefore swung my Gladstone bag (long experience of such predicaments had made me a skilled and I think I may say powerful bag-slinger) out of the car and set out along the rough track which followed the windings of the stream towards the near side of the wood. The soft peaty soil was pitted with innumerable impressions of small cloven feet, and

the gorse and thorn-bushes were thickly festooned with tags of grey wool; the path seemed to be some sort of sheep-track.

Thick clouds spreading from the northwards now added still further to the speed with which the daylight was failing, and I was not surprised when, just as I gained the shelter of the wood, a deep rumble of thunder made itself heard. Indeed, I should have been amazed if it had done anything else. Once among the trees, the path broadened and I at length saw before me a pair of massive iron gates. On the top of each gatepost a crouching beast gazed fiercely at the intruder, and it was with some relief that I assured myself that they were of a heraldic nature only. Each gate bore an enamel label wired firmly to the bars, and by stooping and peering at them in the now almost completely failed daylight I made out the words BEWARE OF THE DOG.

Beyond the gates a long avenue, flanked by massive boles and thickly overgrown with grass and weeds, stretched away into the trees. The gates themselves were secured by a rusted chain and a massive lock; but, as the walls had fallen for a distance of several hundred yards on either side, this presented no obstacle, and I was already hurrying along the avenue when the first heavy drops of rain began to fall. (Drops of an ordinary weight had, in fact, been falling for some time, but it was the peculiarly solid nature of the latest arrivals that spurred me to action.) I grasped my bag—I had, indeed, to do this almost continually to prevent it from falling—and quickened my pace.

It must have been several minutes later that I was brought up short (though luckily still in my tracks) by the sound of a voice ahead, rising and falling monotonously in a sort of monologue. It stopped as I drew near, and as I made out a bent figure in my path, I heard myself addressed. It was an old man's voice, and the accents seemed to be those of the superior

sort of servant. "Good evening, sir," he said. "Will you be the gentleman come from London?" Pleasantly surprised to find myself expected, I said I would. "Ah," he said, "just here he was, sir, the master, lying face down in the avenue. And all around him, sir, the footprints of a gigantic hound." He shook his head. "Biggest perishing dog's feet I ever seen," he added. "More like a horse than a dog, only different, if you take my meaning."

I gasped. "When was this?" I said.

"Why," he said, "last time and the time before. Time before that it was a bit smaller, seemed to me, more like a whippet, but it all come to the same thing. Sir Charles was older, of course. I tell you, sir,"—the old man's voice trembled with a fierce indignation—"it's ruining us. Think of the death duties, sir. And it's making a laughing-stock of us in the county," he added bitterly.

"Good heavens, man," I cried, "can't anything be done? Cannot you help your master?"

"Well, don't go on at me," he said. "I done what I could. Caught up with him once. Walking round the master and sniffing, he was. Just about here, matter of fact."

"Heavens, man," I cried (I had, in fact, never really stopped crying since my previous remark), "you should have emptied five barrels into the creature's flank."

The old man snorted. "Don't know about emptying barrels," he said. "I done what I could, I shot him. Fat lot of good that did. The



PHIL HINSON



"No. 98 . . . reasonable price for quick sale."

next one was bigger still. Sir George's, that was. Must have had feet like soup-plates, that one. Heart failure, they said it was. Don't know about heart failure. Trampled to death, more like. Never seen such a set of prints, and I've seen seven of them."

As we talked, my ear caught a distant thud-thud in the darkness along the avenue. I clapped my hand on the old man's shoulder: "Hist!" I said. "What is that?"

"Cor strike me," said the old fellow, "don't do that, sir. Brought my heart right up, you did. That will be Sir Henry, sir, the last of the line." He edged up to me. "He's different, sir, Sir Henry is—if you take my meaning. From the Colonies, I understand. Very vigorous, the master, as I'm sure you'll find."

The thudding, accompanied by deep, regular breathing, now came rapidly nearer, and we drew aside into the shelter of the nearest

massive bole. Hardly had we cleared the course when a figure, dressed in singlet and shorts, flashed past in a long raking stride and was gone towards the end of the avenue. I turned to my companion for some further explanation, but the words froze on my lips. Only readers familiar with the Blackpool Illuminations will appreciate the full horror of the spectacle which now presented itself. A huge hound, its form and features outlined in flickering flame, followed the luckless but energetic baronet down the avenue, snarling ferociously as it ran. It did not, I was happy to see, appear to be making any appreciable impression on the lead he had built up, and the second time round, with Sir Henry now running well within himself, the hound was in obvious distress. The snarling had stopped and he had lost much of his stride. The flame, too, was flickering much less noticeably. By the end of the third lap it was all over, and the

great creature tottered to a halt and sat down, panting in evident disappointment, not five yards from where we stood.

My companion now advanced upon the still formidable apparition, but whatever intentions he may have had were forestalled by the slender white figure which, breathing easily, appeared out of the darkness. "Shucks," said Sir Henry, "can't your dawgs run in this little old country? Call that a hound? Hound nothing! Wouldn't do for a lady's pet where I come from. Hey, Fido, kimmom then, boy, we'll teach you to run yet." And the baronet, followed by the now barely visible hound, set off along the avenue.

Grasping my bag (which the old man unfortunately showed no signs of grasping for me), I followed in their wake, till the tall, lightless gables of the hall rose up against the evening sky. At the same moment a group of shadowy but plainly foiled figures detached themselves from the shelter of the remaining boles and made off, muttering brokenly, towards the nearest mire.

"Ha!" said I to my companion, "that's the last of the collaterals."

"Oh, no, indeed, sir," he said in some distress. "There's still the home farm unencumbered, and some cottages. And, of course, sir, Sir Henry's not like the rest. Dollars, you know, sir. Got it pretty well sticking to him, if you ask me."

"Ah," I said, "you expect changes here?"

"Indeed I do, sir. The stables are to be enlarged at once, I understand."

"And now," I said, "the kennels?"

He made no reply, and we entered the great hall, still dark save for the fitful flickering of the hound.

P. M. HUBBARD

"We still have a mug, commemorating the Coronation of King Edward VI on June 26, 1902."

Letter in *Suez* paper

Break it up, chaps.

# SPORTING PRINT

ON the balustered stairways of manor and hall,  
Where they hang in their frames, their illustrious  
names

Are hardly remembered or mentioned at all,  
In spite of their deeds on those spider-legged steeds.  
But the hoof-beats which rang as they rode in their prime  
Beat a devil's tattoo on the green turf of time.  
Hark away! Hark away! Hark away!

Hark away! Hark away! they were squires in a day  
When a man liked his bottle of port,  
For the squirearchy then were rumbustious men,  
Bloods, Bucks and Corinthians, boiling with sport.  
They took all their fences, cloped with rich wenches  
And drank till their faces were blue.

A rake-helly lot, their blood was so hot  
That the bats in their belfry were hot-blooded too!

Yoicks! Yoicks! Tally-ho boys, Away! Away!

Do you think they had something we're missing  
to-day?

They lived hell-for-leather, delighted in feats  
Which were all the more fun if they couldn't be done,

Tamed untamable nags, sat unsittable seats,  
Performed suicide stunts in impossible hunts  
With the sort of a clique where the fellow who  
counts

Takes untakable jumps on unridable mounts.  
Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

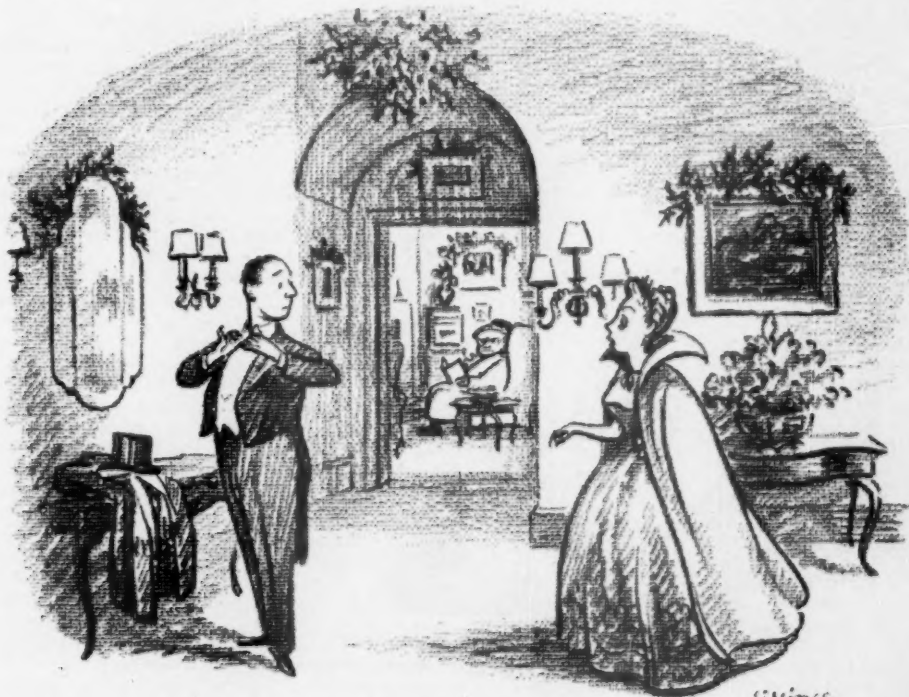
Tally-ho! Tally-ho! it's a long while ago  
Since they galloped the counties and each  
Had his chronicle penned by a personal friend  
A Surtees, Whyte-Melville, or Nimrod, or Leech.  
They lived in the stables, drank guests under tables  
And laid their last shirts on a bet.

We think they were mad, but they knew it, by gad!  
You had to be mad to keep up with their set.

Yoicks! Yoicks! Tally-ho boys, Away! Away!

Yes; perhaps they had something we're missing  
to-day.

So let those who would moralize, moralize thus,  
They frightened their times less than ours frighten us,  
And a case could be made that what Britain requires  
Is less lunatic times and more lunatic squires.



"I think Auntie's a bit put out because you're not wearing her pullover."

## Off the Beaten Isotherm

I OFTEN get a private and peculiar kind of weather at home that is quite different from the weather discussed by my neighbours in the train. This causes many a conversation to begin at cross purposes and many a cross purpose to end in a crooked answer. My conversation might be more climatically normal if I lived at Kew or on the roof of the Air Ministry. For example, here between the gently rising hills we get extraordinarily local mists. The rain and other odd water runs downhill on to us and when the sun comes out all the water lying about gets evaporated into mist; as the sun's attraction gets stronger, these mists are drawn up into a conical shape and then gradually lifted up off the house like a dunce's cap. People who arrive when only the ground floor is clear think that we live in a bungalow.

This intense localism of our climate makes prediction difficult. It is important to know what future weather is likely to be if you are to have a well-adjusted attitude to the weather actually in progress. If you believed

that hail was stalking towards you from the Canaries you might feel quite kindly towards a gentle, intermittent rain, whereas you would rather resent it if you were secure in the knowledge that sunny hours were on their way from the Manchester area.

My first attempt at soothsaying was to plant seaweed in the garden immediately I arrived at my new home beside the brook. It did not do well. I then rather doubtfully trailed it in the stream. (The water is not mine and I did not wish to appear to establish any claim to it in case it cut loose and behaved like the villain in *Rylands v. Fletcher*.) The strands certainly looked happier and had a healthier sheen than when they were flopping about the trellis; but their predictive value was lowered by the immersion. When a weatherwise friend called Barnie from Back Yonder told us the stuff really ought to be kept indoors and not close to Nature, we trained it round the banisters, to which it gave a delightfully uncharacteristic aroma; but nothing much happened except for



"Missed again! I'm afraid it looks like coffee for four."



the pops as visiting children slid down from the upper floors.

Getting keener still to help us, Barnie from Back Yonder gave us a helpful rhyme done on a biscuity bit of wood in gothic poker-work. It went:

*Come the bud afore the flower*

*Surely us will have a shower.*

*Come the flower afore the bud,*

*Sartain 'tis there'll be a flood.*

We hung it on the wall most exposed to climate and it did buckle a bit during a heat-wave; but it never made much of a place for itself in our meteorology.

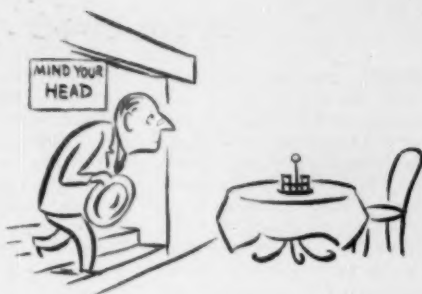
We have a barometer, but it suffers from having the captions in Esperanto, and its users need a pretty vivid recollection of normal barometers to get the best out of it. Quite separate from the barometer is a thermometer; this, however, is clinical and not much good except in thoroughly torrid conditions. My grandmother had a little model of two semi-detached cottages, and when it was going to be fine a Regency beau came out of one door and when it was going to be damp a chipped shepherdess came out of the other carrying a yellow umbrella. One night there was a violent storm and an earthquake and in the morning both figures came out of the same door. My grandmother, a strict woman, gave it to a jumble sale.

The brook is a fair guide to the weather that is going on at the moment, but is no help at all in planning ahead. It foams and splashes immediately after heavy rain and the water pours out of the culvert under the road in the most exuberant and floodlike way. Yet within a yard or two it is moving downwards, not along, sinking into the bed so that the stream looks more like a number of puddles linked by muddled debris than the hydrodynamic sort of river into which I had hoped the brook would eventually grow. I am terrified that one day a waterspout will follow the line of the water and when it finds the water has run out it will sag all over us and leave hencoops on our roof and this will lead to terrible legal battles over whether they are jetsam.

Some amateur meteorologists get very slapdash and cynical and say there is always worse weather ahead. Of course, it would not be defeatist to say this in the more starkly geographical parts of the world like the Tropics or the Polar regions, where weather works more to rule. It is shockingly defeatist in Sussex, where the weather is old and subtle and excitingly decadent, and just here we have the most mad and secret weather of all Sussex. I have known it snow when only an hour before the vegetation had been crinkling in the sun and the sky had been so blue that it really did look deep for once.

Now I must go sound my foghorn: a narrow column of mist is rising from an empty bend on the brook and spiralling across the lawn at us, what time the squirrels nonchalantly climb it.

R. G. G. PRICE



# EPIGRAM Fifty-fifty

"I OFTEN wonder what the Vintners buy  
One half so precious as the Goods they sell . . ."  
They buy the wine. Their profit's not so high—  
"One half so precious" hits it very well.

J. R.

## MORNING CAPERS

THERE is no telling what I shall think about next in the early mornings. As I stumble round the house, looking for the tea-caddy and tying bizarre knots in the peculiarly slippery cord of my dressing-gown, I take the whole of human knowledge for my province. It is not, therefore, so very surprising that a passage from Boswell's *London Journal* should have occurred to me while clutching a bottle of milk in one hand, holding my dressing-gown together with the other and absently seeking for a third with which to re-open the back door. The extract in question was, in fact, not irrelevant to my condition at the time: when I eventually succeeded in getting into the house I tied up the cord of my dressing-gown and looked up the quotation. "I awaked as usual," wrote Boswell, "heavy, confused and apenetic . . . Dempster prescribed to me to cut two or three brisk capers round the room, which I did, and found attended with most agreeable effects. It expelled the phlegm from my heart, gave my blood a free circulation, and my spirits a brisk flow; so that I was all at once made happy. I must remember this and practice it."

After I had put the kettle on I measured the kitchen with my eye

and concluded that about two-thirds of a brisk caper would constitute a complete circuit of the room. I therefore compromised by touching my toes, or anyway the lower part of my legs, several times with my knees straight, or as near straight as makes no difference. The effect of even this slight amount of exercise was surprising. Though the subject's body still felt like a lawn-mower that had been left out in the rain, there was a marked improvement in his flow of spirits. Carrying the tea-tray upstairs, he poured out a cup for his wife and shambled off to the bathroom. Here, after a momentary hesitation, he lay down on his back and performed the motions of one pedalling a bicycle. He then got to his feet, opened the window and took several deep breaths. As a final *tour de force* he jumped up and down with a light, springy movement, until his wife shouted something about the kitchen ceiling.

During the day the subject found that his intellectual powers were markedly increased. He was able to carry out his duties at the office rapidly and without fatigue: so much so that he had to fill in the intervals between successive tasks by working out problems in

compound interest. When he had returned home and had his evening meal he wrote a longish letter to the *Manchester Guardian* setting out the advantages of a unicameral legislature, gave his wife some useful hints on the efficient planning of housework, fixed up a row of hat-pegs in the garage and retired early to bed, his mind afire with the possibilities of this new way of life.

At six-thirty next morning the subject was awakened, according to plan, by his alarm clock. He dressed himself rapidly in flannels, sand-shoes and a pullover, went out into the dawn and walked and ran alternately for half an hour. Returning, he took a cold bath, rubbed himself down briskly, shaved, dressed and went downstairs. Here he lit the gas-fire and sat down for a minute.

He awoke at eight-fifteen feeling heavy, confused and splenetic. At first he refused any breakfast: then he nibbled an apple, and after that ate a slice of toast. Feeling his appetite returning, he ate next some liver, bacon, sausage and fried potatoes, and then (his wife declining to fry more bacon) some cold rice pudding and a bit of cheese. At the office he dealt with his correspondence in a quarter of an hour and spent the rest of the day visiting his colleagues and offering them suggestions on the more efficient running of their own departments. On his return home he turned out all the drawers of his desk and made an inventory of the contents in alphabetical order; pasted the inventory on a sheet of cardboard; and was beginning to make a frame for it when his wife intervened.

The subject's wife spoke for twenty-five minutes, with minor interruptions. The subject then shovelled everything back into his desk, drank the remains of some medicinal brandy and went to bed. Next morning he awoke in time to shave, dress, swallow most of his breakfast and cut a brisk caper down to the railway station.

As Boswell records on the day following Dempster's prescription: "My mind was recovering its tone."

G. D. R. DAVIES



# WANDERLUST

It seems a shame that I should quit  
The precincts of this pleasant  
sphere,  
And only from a gazetteer  
Know the most splendid parts of it—  
Must I go hence and never know  
The Grecian Archipelago!

It seems a curious state of things  
That I, a dweller here below,  
Should not have been to Mexico  
Nor to the Valley of the Kings,  
And never seen the Taj Mahal  
Nor floated on the Grand Canal.

I think, with wistfulness, how  
strange  
Not to have trod a tropic isle,  
Not to have sat beside the Nile,  
Not viewed the Himalayan Range  
Nor taken (though they say it's  
banned)  
The Golden Road to Samar-  
kand.

I'll make a lucky bet, mayhap,  
While wanderlust still holds its  
grip,  
And take an uncondacted trip  
To far-off places on the map:  
Stupendous-sounding places,  
viz.—

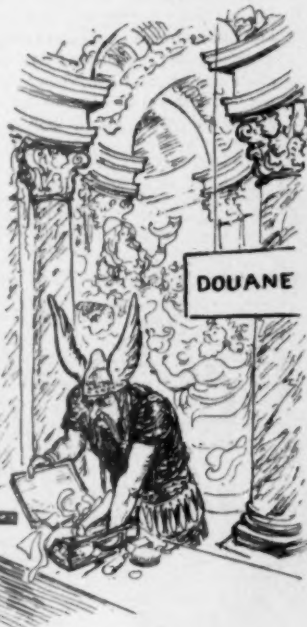
Vancouver, Panama, Cadiz,  
Honolulu, Trinidad,  
Zurich, Astrakhan, Baghdad,  
Arizona, Borneo,  
Wanganui, Tokyo,  
Poona, Pekin, Padua,  
Jaffa, Nicaragua,  
Lhasa, Mecca, Isfahan  
And fabulous Afghanistan.

And if, by some uncharted road,  
I take the strangest trip of all,  
Reaching a high Valhalla Hall,  
Or some Elysian Abode—

I'll make the residents admit  
That I have knocked about a bit.



E. H. Shepard



## RELATIVE MERITS

MY mother wrote and said would I please go to see Aunt Edna. When I first went to work in London Aunt Edna was delighted because I would be near and would be able to visit her. But I might just as well have been at the North Pole for all she had seen of me and she was very upset. Aunt Edna did a lot of embroidery for my mother's touseau and it was very selfish of me.

So I wrote to Aunt Edna, and was invited to tea.

My mother wrote and said thank goodness for that. It had taken her three years of begging and pleading but at last she had a clear conscience. She hoped I had thanked Aunt Edna nicely.

Three days later my mother wrote again. She had had a letter from Aunt Edna and was appalled. Why was I smothered in make-up? No doubt I considered my mother provincial and perhaps she was, but if I insisted on plastering my face like that I would look three times my mother's age in half the time and by the time I really was her age where would I be then? All my aunts had warned her when I first went to London but I wouldn't let her listen. And now it looked as

though every time I had come home on a flying visit she had been living in a fool's paradise. No doubt I had scraped it off on the train.

I wrote back and said I didn't wear any more make-up in London than I did at home. And I thought we all knew better than to listen to Aunt Edna who had been mad for years.

My mother wrote back and said I mustn't say Aunt Edna was mad. It was a silly thing to say and not at all kind. Aunt Edna was just genuinely fond of mice and was very warm-hearted. Had I forgotten the beautiful dolly she sent me for my sixteenth birthday? Aunt Edna hadn't seen me since I was ten and in her letter she told my mother that I had changed out of all recognition. Where was my clear, shining complexion? Where was my straight, bobbed hair? Where were my freckles? Aunt Edna said I had peered at her through eyelashes like pokers and had sat in a cloud of perfume that certainly wasn't lavender water. I had sniggered at her elderberry wine and gone teetering off on heels that my poor grandmother wouldn't be seen dead in if she were alive.

The more my mother thought about it the more she was beginning to remember. Only the last time I was home Mrs. Andrews in the village said doesn't your daughter

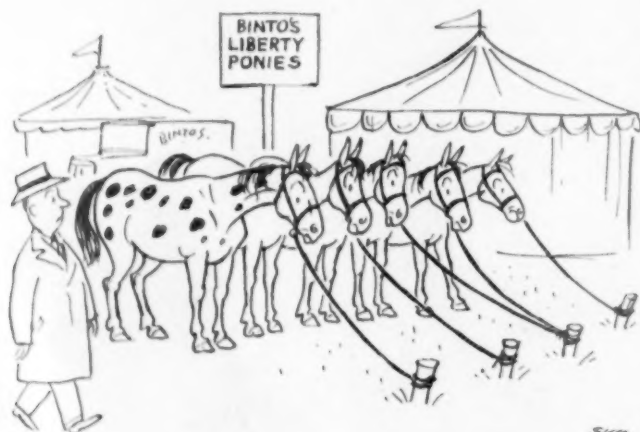


use make-up cleverly, and my mother said what do you mean, and Mrs. Andrews said oh, nothing. My mother had been doubtful about that at the time and now she was certain. Mrs. Andrews' daughter was very pretty and unspoiled. London was all very well, but like any big city I ought to be on guard and not let it swallow me like a cheap carbon copy. My mother supposed I thought men liked make-up like that. Well, they didn't and those who did only thought they did.

I wrote back and said I didn't wear a lot of make-up. And it wasn't a snigger; it was an heroically disguised exclamation of involuntary horror. Mrs. Andrews' daughter was a wet fish and my perfume wasn't eau-de-Cologne either.

My mother wrote back and said all right then. All right. Go ahead and ruin your pores but don't ever say I didn't warn you. When you're eighty and your wasted life is a mirror of empty cosmetic jars and bed-sitting-rooms with no roots because men will have seen through you, at least—my mother concluded—at least you won't be able to turn round and blame me.

MARJORIE RIDDELL



"The dog, hit by a northbound train, became so ferocious that railway officials were unable to approach it for 40 minutes.

Trains were reversed at Paddington. Seventeen experts flew to Copenhagen in a Vickers Viscount turbo-jet to watch its behaviour."

Evening Standard

Quite right. Stand well back.

## WINTER HARBOUR

**B**ETWEEN the arms of the jetty and the quay  
in the waveless pool scooped jealously from the sea  
small, trim craft dot the harbour haphazardly.  
They ride at anchor where ripples nudge and glide  
from stem to stern—the fingers of the tide,  
groping as a blind child gropes for its lost toys,  
gently, persistently, patiently.  
It knows they are there; they have been put out of  
reach  
purposely; and its fists may pound the jetty, its heels  
may drum on the beach  
presently, in rage more blind than its blank grey eyes,  
but it is not yet impatient, it croons to itself, and feels  
caressingly, coaxingly for the small crafts' keels,  
the motionless screws, the remembered shapes of buoys.

The sea has not forgotten the big ships, strewn  
all over its playground floor,  
and now and then  
it gives them a push or a kick, perhaps staves in their  
hulls,  
but its fingers grope patiently, persistently, gently all  
afternoon,  
feeling the jetty, fumbling the side of the quay,  
scraping the skirting-board of the shingle beach,  
beginning to slap the sea-walls in fury, to butt  
its head at the harbour in rage for the small toys put,  
because it is winter, on purpose out of its reach.

R. C. SCRIVEN



## PILOT OF THE POOLS

V

**W**ELL, bishop, you have won  
£75,000 (for 25 shillings) and  
we congratulate you. But, as we  
hinted in the last lecture, you were  
jolly lucky, my lord. You selected  
only 12 matches, from 54, and 8 of  
them turned out to be Draws. But,  
according to evidence given before  
the Royal Commission on Betting,  
etc., 1949-1951, by Mr. Hubert  
Phillips, there are 752,538,150 possible  
different ways of selecting 8  
matches from 52: so it was clever of  
you to hit on one of the right ones.

You were helped, of course, by  
your "perm": but the modest  
"perm" you did could easily have  
missed the target, and there again  
you were lucky. Now, you, my lord,  
whether Bishop, Admiral, Judge, or  
Air Vice Marshal, may be able to  
afford a nice permutation now and

then: but our fear is that your  
success may lead mere Rural Deans,  
Lieutenants and County Court  
Judges into expenditure which they  
can ill afford. To them we would  
address a word or two which will be  
both discouraging and comforting.  
As we have said, the big prizes are  
generally won by a plumber, barman  
or day-labourer who simply filled  
up two or three ordinary "lines" and  
spent a shilling or two. But many  
plumbers have been doing this for  
many years without success (which,  
if you have in mind the figure of  
752,538,150, will not surprise you).  
There may, then, be a few unsucces-  
ful plumbers, curates and assistant  
librarians who mutter darkly: "If  
only I were rich, and could spend a  
lot of money on a big 'perm,'  
covering a lot of matches, it would

be easy!" If there are such, they are  
quite wrong.

It is said, we know, that there  
are big "syndicates" operating in  
this way, investing up to the weekly  
limit of £10—perhaps more than  
once. Even plumbers, they say, have  
formed themselves into humble and  
less expensive "syndicates." We  
wonder if they have done much better.  
We ourselves, from time to time,  
when we have made our own modest  
investment, conduct what we may  
call "dream-experiments." We  
imagine that we are a rich syndicate,  
or, better still, a rich man, able to  
risk from £5 to £10 a week in this  
seductive affair. The first time we  
said: "We will spend (in theory)  
£5 12s. 6d. on a block permutation of  
15 lines × 15, which will give us  
225 lines." We did not have to





*"Yes, there's always a certain amount of disturbance as one actually goes through the sound barrier."*

write out 225 lines in full (one big point of a perm is that it is a labour-saver). But we did have to mark 8 matches in 15 different lines—or rather 4 matches in 30 different half-lines. (Either way it amounts to 120 little o's.) There must be neither more nor less than 8 (or 4) little o's in each line: and no two lines must have the same combination of o's. The tiniest technical error—5 o's in line 14 and only 3 in line 8, for example—will make the whole entry void. You may then get your money back, but the other members of the syndicate will curse you till their dying day. The labour is inhuman, exhausting to brain and eye (we have just sought an appointment with an oculist), and the responsibility is shattering.

Anyone who wins £75,000 in this sort of way, we feel, thoroughly deserves it. How much easier, for example, the life of a bishop or High Court Judge who simply rings up the bookmaker and says "Fifty shillings each way on Love Lies Bleeding"!

But now, about the dream-results. Much depends, of course, on the number of Draws there are, and the number of matches you select. If you use too few matches you may not pick up the roaming unexpected Draw: if you spread your net too wide you may catch a lot of useless little shrimps—Home wins, which count only 1.

In the week of our first experiment there were only 7 Draws—a rare and terrible event. Seven Draws (7×3) gives you 21 points

and, with one Away (2 points), top-marks were 23. We were very clever and picked 5 out of the 7 Draws (which was about three more than the average professional "prophet" foretold). The best score we could get in theory was 21, i.e. 15+2+2+2, which, that week, would have won a third prize. But, in spite of our rich man's perm, our 225 lines, our £5 12s. 6d., the best we could do was 20; and we did that only once. The total results of our seven (imaginary) experiments were: 20 points (once) Prize £0 12s. 0d. 19 points (twice) 18 points (18 times) 1350 lines=£33 15s. 0d. invested  
£0 12s. 0d. won  
£33 3s. 0d. lost.



These figures, we feel, should be a comfort to many a plumber, curate, or school-teacher, who cannot afford to do expensive "perms."

Another time there were 15 Draws. We tried first using all the 54 matches—giving one 0 to this, two to that, four to another, and so on. Surely, you might think, my lord, with £5 12s. 6d. behind you and a little luck, this method should yield some slight reward. But no, the best we could do was 21 (twice). We then selected 12 matches of which 6 were Draws (pretty good). The best we could do was 21 (twice). We tried 16 matches, of which 8 were Draws (jolly good). Again we scored 21 eight times—but nothing higher. We chose 24 matches of which 12 were Draws (wonderful!). We scored no more than 21 (six times). We tried 36 matches, which included 12 Draws (miraculous!); but still we scored no more than 21, and now three times only (our net, you see, my lord, was now spread too wide).

The next was a very remarkable experiment. We took the same 36 matches (with the same 12 Draws we had so cleverly picked out). But we said: "Perhaps we are not spending enough money. We will go to the full limit allowed—£10 0s. 0d. We will have a perm of 20×20—400 lines: and we will laboriously write down no fewer than 160 little o's."

So we did. But we did less well than we had done with the same matches, when we spent nearly £5 less; and we scored no higher than 20 (6 times). Why this was so we cannot say: perhaps our perm was wrongly done, perhaps we were just unlucky. But it only shows . . .

Our seventh and last shot did hit the target—though not the bull. We went back to 16 matches (including 8 Draws), and we spent £10 again.

Here we scored 23 once, 22 four times, and 21 seventeen times. We should have won (dividing every prize by 2, because we staked 6d. only on each of our 400 lines and the dividends are declared to 1s.):

For 23 .. .. .	£20 8 0
For four 22's ..	6 8 0
For seventeen 21's ..	5 4 0

	£32 0 0
Stake .. .. .	10 0 0
Profits and gains ..	£22 0 0

Not an enormous reward, my lord, for inhuman toil and no small scientific success. But it was a bad week. Even the chap who scored 24 got only £610 for his sixpence—a wretched reward.

Supposing that we had been a very big syndicate indeed, and could have done all our seven dream-experiments in practice, the accounts would have been as follows: 1925 times at 6d. = £48 2 6 invested

37 12 0 won

£10 10 6 lost.

Discouraging, my lords. But comforting. Was there ever a finer proof that wealth does not always have all its way? Let all envy and malice now depart from the humble plumber, curate, or assistant librarian who invests half a crown and selects his winners with little thought or toil. They may be right: certainly, they should be content.

The conclusion of the argument, though obvious enough, must be stated: *You may have money; you may know of a good "permutation"; but both will be of no avail if you do not select the right matches.*

How democratic! Here you have the "classless society" in action.

A. P. H.

## POINT OF VIEW

AS stainless as the sinks he shows—

The advertiser's heart:

As pure as Kinchinjunga's snows—

The illustrator's art:

The fridges, cupboards and the stoves

Exact to scale appear—

Wherever else deception roves

It does not enter here.

Yet in one thing Truth falls from grace

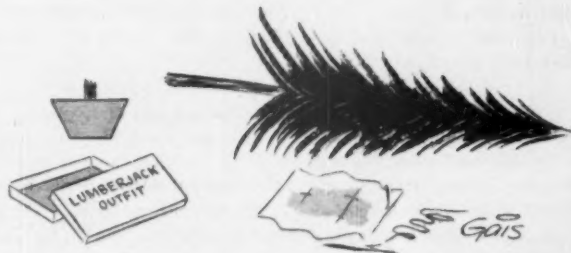
(As well he knows who dries)—

The window does not *always*

face

Green fields and cloudless skies.

MARK BEVAN





*"Send in the gardener a moment, will you?"*

### DINING-ROOMS

THE dining-rooms of England,  
Immaculate they stand!  
The matching chairs, the bowls of  
pears

On tables nobly planned,  
The carpets thick, the goblets thin,  
The bottles with a drop of gin,  
The ash-trays and the biscuit-tin,  
The hyacinths in a pot;  
The dining-rooms of England,  
They are a classy lot.

The dining-rooms of England  
Have owners, though, who eat  
Their evening meal off humble deal,  
With lino at their feet;  
The kettle sings, the boiler glows,  
Dampshirts and collars hang in rows,  
From plate to plate the saucepan goes,  
O rapt and steamy bliss!

The dining-rooms of England  
Were never warm like this!

The dining-rooms of England  
Are never warm like that,  
As those who write at dead of night  
Have noticed when they sat  
In other people's, wearing coats  
And making jolly walnut boats  
And reading books on keeping  
goats,

The sort of book in which  
The dining-rooms of England  
Are curiously rich.

The dining-rooms of England  
Are also rich in earth,  
And rubber boots, and trugs, and  
roots,  
Nor know they any dearth

Of jigsaw-bit or bunny's ear;  
Conversely, those who think that  
here

They keep the opener for the  
beer—

In vain their rummaging;  
The dining-rooms of England  
Have lost the wretched thing.

The dining-rooms of England,  
In fact, are just the place  
For us who love all else above  
A neat and ordered grace;  
Who'll polish madly, hours on end,  
And count it little toil to spend,  
If at the last we hear a friend  
Admiring from the door  
The dining-rooms of England—  
That being what they're for.

ANDE

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE MISSING LAUREATE

III—Hardy Bares his Blade

IN previous extracts from this little tale I have written of Sherlock Holmes's first encounter with Thomas Hardy, diabolical leader of an immense organization designed to extract literary work from established writers by means of physical violence; of his reluctant withdrawal from the contest on receiving an urgent call for help from the Vatican; and of his determination, on learning that Hardy has kidnapped Lord Tennyson and turned his basilisk glare on the Laureateship, to thwart him in this evil design and to end his reign of terror for ever.

I now invite my readers to set the laws of time at defiance—and, if I do not take too much for granted, those of space also—and join me in the cab that bears Holmes and Watson through the foggy London night, nearer and ever nearer to the Queens restaurant, haunt of the foulest dregs of the literary underworld, and headquarters of the Hardy gang.

To me, it seemed a dreary journey. Holmes was in high spirits and prattled cheerfully away, touching in masterful fashion upon vegetable alkaloid poisons, death pacts among the Brahmins, body-snatching and mediaeval pest-houses, but I found myself in no mood to attempt to match his vivacity. The influence of the deadly creature whose might we challenged seemed all around us in the foggy night, and I shifted uneasily in my seat as my old wound began to ache wearily in the damp and chill.

Holmes had warned me that at the Queens restaurant our talk must be of literary matters, and thus I was not taken by surprise when, directly we were seated in a comfortable upstairs lounge, a bottle of absinthe between us, my companion flourished his glass in the air and exclaimed loudly: "Here's to Percy Keats's *Casabianca*!" I had drunk the toast, and was on the point of proposing one of my own, when a heavily-bearded man of villainous aspect rose from his seat at a nearby table and strolled towards us. As he moved across the room, a huge meerschaum clamped in his jaw as though with cement, his tasselled smoking-cap cocked at a rakish angle, I was reminded of nothing so much as of some great tiger slinking through the jungle, intent upon the kill.

"My name is Milton Clipworth," he said, seating himself at our table without further ceremony. "You may have seen my verses in the *Bigbury Weekly Advertiser*."

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Clipworth!" said Holmes cordially. "I, too, am a poet, though not as successful, unfortunately, as yourself. My name is Homer, and this is Doctor Golightly, the Westmorland visionary. We have come to London to seek fame and fortune in the literary world."

As Holmes was speaking, a sparely-built, middle-aged man with cold, merciless eyes appeared in the

doorway, followed by an immense mulatto in an orange velvet smoking-jacket. On seeing our party he halted abruptly, fixing Holmes with a look of indescribable malevolence. The next moment he had turned on his heel and quitted the room, taking his companion with him. I had seen Holmes's hand slip unobtrusively into his revolver pocket, but Clipworth, whose back was turned to the newcomers, talked on without a pause, his evil eyes narrowing to slits as he described the advantages to be derived from a correspondence course in what he called the "Iron Hand School of Journalism."

"Swinburne, Stevenson, Henley and many others," he said, "have been persuaded to undertake the work of correcting and re-writing students' compositions."

"What are the fees?" queried Holmes.

"You will be surprised to learn," said Clipworth, baring his teeth in a satanic smile, "that no payment whatsoever is exacted from the students. All that is required of them is that they should practise the body-building exercises which form part of the curriculum, and hold themselves ready to co-operate with the Principal in out-of-school activities. In the



"As it happened, you couldn't have chosen a better moment to call me."

literary world to-day, let me tell you, there are wheels within wheels, and the young writer who does not flinch from an occasional rough-and-tumble may well find himself in a position to submit to editors work fully equal—and I pick my words with care—to that of Carlyle, Meredith, Rossetti, Morris or James."

*After further talk with Clipworth, Holmes and Watson return to Baker Street, where Mrs. Hudson hands them a note received in their absence. It runs: "Come to the main entrance of the Sussex Buildings in Gladstone Row, at 10.30 to-night, and you will hear news of A.T."*

"Do you feel equal to a further adventure, Watson?" asked Holmes.

"By all means," I replied.

"Then send for a four-wheeler. We will go in disguise, but we may be sure that Hardy's creatures will be watching when we leave the house. We will change in the cab."

The stage lost a fine actor when Holmes decided to devote his talents to the science of detection. Long before I had struggled into the costume of a Nonconformist clergyman with which my friend had provided me, he was sitting fully dressed on the opposite seat, adjusting a pair of gaudy earrings, the very picture of a down-at-heel and rather bibulous old woman.



"Pss! Tour of inspection . . ."

"I fear, Holmes," I said in some vexation, "that this hat is very much too small."

"Tut, man!" he exclaimed impatiently. "Try the effect of a slash or two with your penknife, and remember that we are on our way to meet the second most dangerous man in London, not to a Court ball!"

"The message was from Hardy, then?"

"My good Watson, you cannot seriously imagine that this villain proposes to let me weave my web at leisure? He saw us at the Queens restaurant to-night, and he knows that we are upon his track!"

"Then the mulatto—"

"No, no, man! Hardy is as white as you or I. No, the other—he of the cold, merciless eyes. It is he, depend upon it, who has summoned us to the Sussex Buildings, and there, I doubt not, he intends to make a murderous attack upon me. It is a game, however, at which two can play." He smiled grimly as he opened a shabby reticule and displayed a deadly-looking Smokeless No. 2.

We were now nearing our rendezvous, and in a moment Holmes stopped the cab and paid off the driver. "We will finish the journey on foot," he said.

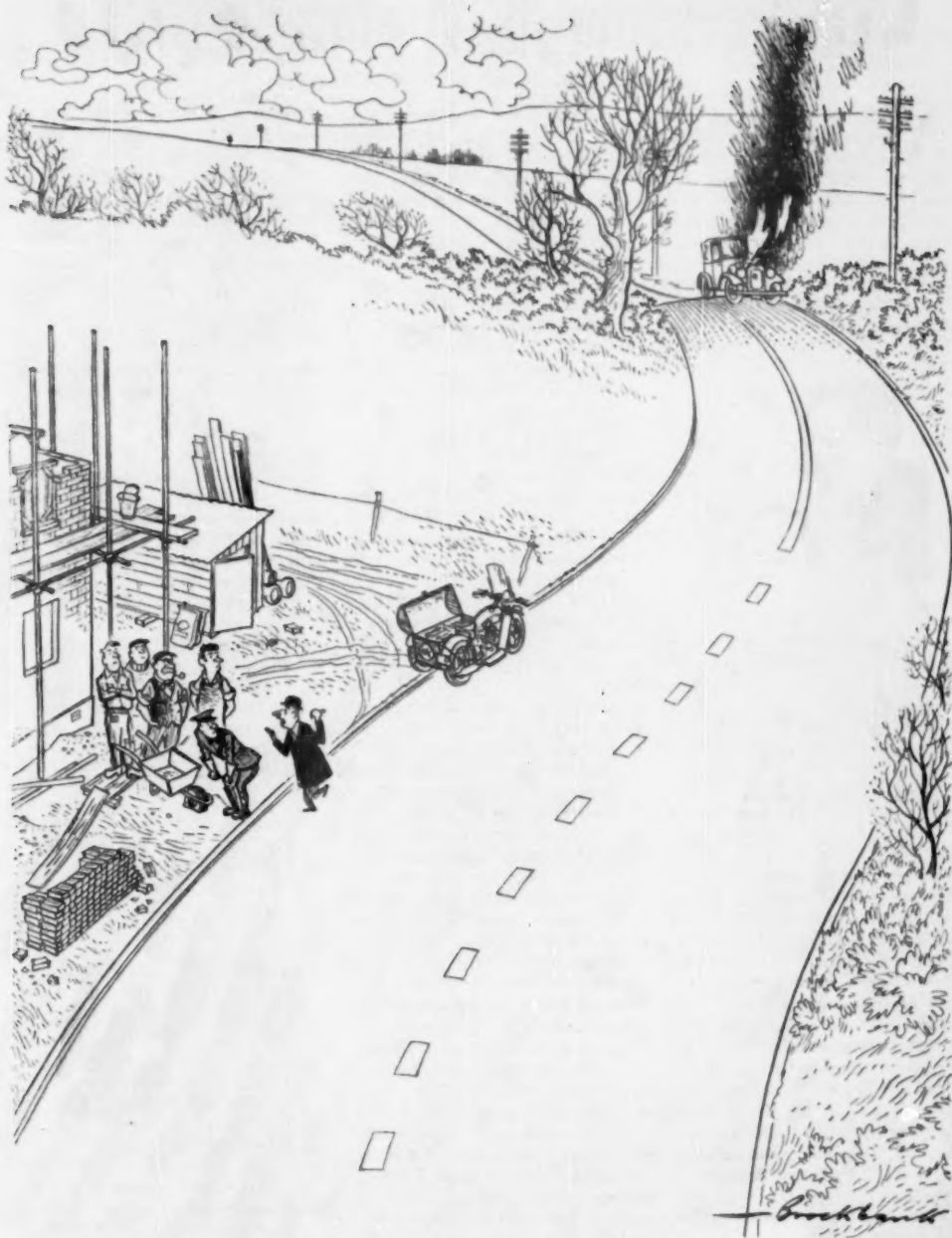
When Holmes adopted a disguise he threw himself whole-heartedly into his assumed character, and never did Irving or Macready live a part more intensely than he. I stood by awkwardly enough while he raised a quavering voice in song outside a garish public-house, and once I risked life and limb in following him when he rushed into the thick of the traffic to hurl a volley of shrill imprecations at a hackney driver who had ventured on some jocosity at his expense. I was heartily thankful when, at exactly half-past ten, we reached the Sussex Buildings. The place was deserted except for a fashionably-dressed woman who was standing in the main doorway. "A penny for a night's lodging!" whined Holmes, shambling up to her and curtsying obsequiously. The other hesitated for a moment, and then bent to open a dainty little hand-bag. The next instant Holmes, with the bound of a tiger, had his fingers among the fruit and flowers with which her immense hat was decorated. "Let me introduce you, Watson," he shouted, at the top of his voice, "to Thomas Hardy, scourge of literary London, Principal of the Iron Hand School of Journalism, and abductor of the Poet Laureate!" The huge hat was tumbled to the pavement, together with a heavy veil and a luxuriant auburn wig, and the next moment Holmes had snatched off his own bonnet and wig and kicked them into the road with a bitter curse of disappointment.

Standing before us in the flaring gaslight, his face contorted with rage and mortification, was Inspector Lestrade of Scotland Yard!

*(I very much doubt whether Holmes himself, with his proud and reserved nature, would have chosen to make his last bow to my readers while kicking a bonnet and wig across Gladstone Row. Now, if it had been twenty-four hours later, when he was rescuing Lord Tennyson . . . !)*

T. S. WATT





"When you've a minute . . ."

# at the PLAY

*Dear Charles (New)—Babes in the Wood (PLAYERS')*

**A**FTER one of the most dismal autumn seasons in memory we had almost given up hope of ever again experiencing that happy moment of surrender when confidence in author and in players alike sweeps us into the realm of pure enjoyment. It has been worth waiting for Mr. ALAN MELVILLE's *Dear Charles*, a comedy that illustrates perfectly a point which

purpler occasions Miss ARNAUD has had three children by different fathers, in brief encounters respectably far back in the past. Their devoted family life has been built round a portrait of a thoughtful-looking stranger which Miss ARNAUD has picked up cheap in the Lanes at Brighton to provide a focus for comforting legends of her hypothetical Charles's integrity and prowess. The children are now grown up, and the critical moment has arrived when two of them are engaged into a rigid family of sardine-kings. Miss ARNAUD has her plans ready. In a scene of refreshing naturalness she tells her children the truth, finding to her relief that their only anxiety is that she really is their mother; and then she summons their fathers, one of whom must marry her in order to put the family on a marriageable footing. Looking rather different after twenty years, more or less, come a tweedy English baronet, Mr. GARRY MARSH, a wild Polish pianist, Mr. CHARLES GOLDNER, and an international crook with the manners of an ambassador, Mr. GERARD HEINZ.

These three irreconcilables, whose clash is a sparkling satire on temperament, are all immediately re-enchanted. Mr. MELVILLE might more fashionably have been hard and bright over their discovery of paternity; instead he has taken the more difficult course of making it simple and touching. The unexpected solution to their problem must not be disclosed; to me it was the weak spot in the evening, giving it a feeble curtain. But this delightful comedy is a Christmas gift for which London should show its gratitude for a long time. The whole cast gives the impression of a happy team. Miss ARNAUD is magnificent. She has never had a better chance to employ her warmth, her delicious humour, her uncanny sense of timing. And after her I would put Mr. GOLDNER, for a comic performance of rare virtuosity, and Miss

BEATRICE VARLEY, whose family maid is a cherished acid-drop. The history of the play is interesting. Mr. MELVILLE has taken the plot from "*Les Enfants d'Edouard*," by MARC-GILBERT SAUVAJON, who took it from an unperformed English play by FREDERICK JACKSON. And so it has crossed the Channel twice.

Which leaves me far less space than they deserve for the Christmas revels at the Players' Theatre. Every year I look forward to this burlesque adaptation of a Victorian pantomime, and I am never disappointed. This time Miss HATTIE JACQUES has refurbished H. J. BYRON's *Babes in the Wood*, a piece of the richest pun-pudding beautifully served, and decorated, unlike its flashier modern brethren, with a charming harlequinade.

## Recommended

*The River Line* (Strand), for a good straight play. *Love from Judy* (Saville), for a sturdy musical. And, as a change from unfrozen pantomime, *Jack and the Beanstalk On Ice* (Empress Hall). ERIC KEOWNS



*Jan—Mr. CHARLES GOLDNER  
Denise—Miss YVONNE ARNAUD*

dramatic critics grow tired of plugging, that it is not the theme but its treatment which is the essence of a play. Taste is all-important. Baldly stated, the plot of *Dear Charles* would seem to be the stuff of which any "daring" and dreary little piece about the other side of the blanket might be made. Touched by Mr. MELVILLE's wit and adroitness, by a cast indisputably in the right places, by Mr. MURRAY MACDONALD's feather-light production, but above all by the personal magic of Miss YVONNE ARNAUD in a part presumably written for her, it rises easily into the realms of high comedy.

As a best-selling novelist of



*Sally—Miss DAPHNE ANDERSON  
First Ruffian—Mr. IAN WALLACE*

## at the PICTURES

Hans Christian Andersen—"Christmas 1915" Programme

WHEN they deal with a writer of any kind, the films naturally look for some dramatic events in his life; when none is to be found they either invent some or assume that he got involved with show business, thus paving the way for a climactic stage presentation for the literary germ of which they can make him responsible. This is what they have done



(The Road to Ruin  
George, a Varsity Man of 1913  
—GEORGE GRAY

in *Hans Christian Andersen* (Director: CHARLES VIDOR). To be sure, this does not pretend to be an authentic biography, or any kind of biography: a Foreword disarms criticism by declaring that the film is "a fairy tale about this great spinner of fairy tales." Nevertheless it is tethered to the facts at one or two points: for instance, the name—but, I imagine, only the name—of Odense, the great man's birthplace. We see him there to begin with, but it is an idealized, toyshop-model spot in which all the colours are heightened and all the phenomena and people made picturesque. Moreover since the name part is played by DANNY KAYE, some of the celebrated stories, notably "Thumbelina" and "The Ugly Duckling," are made into songs. To provide an excuse for a stage and more elaborate concerted numbers, he is made to fall victim to a hopeless love for a ballerina

in the Royal Danish Ballet—and to dream about her dancing, so that stage limitations shall not cramp the designers. All the same, artificial, over-coloured, sentimentalized, dripping with needless luxuriance as the whole thing is, it offers much to enjoy, and I think only purists who expected a serious life-story will damn it out of hand. Most people will swallow it uncritically as an enormous spread of thick, rich entertainment; anyone at all can enjoy a great deal of it visually, and nearly everyone will like Mr. KAYE's performance—as a symbolic, fairy-tale figure, not a portrait of a real man. Let's face it, most musical-film stories are simply convenient formulas for the stringing together of jewels (or imitation jewels) of entertainment which are essentially self-contained and would be just as effective in isolation; the main thing to criticize here is the misleading title.

I have not hitherto made room to say anything about the National Film Theatre (once the Telecinema, on the South Bank site), and I catch it now in a somewhat uncharacteristic mood. It is unwontedly playful and self-conscious for Christmas (till December 31), pretending to be "The Bijou" (fl. 1915) and putting on a programme of films that might have been in a Christmas programme in 1915, complete with advertising slides in the interval. Many of these slides are heavily tilted towards facetiousness (as well

as literally tilted), but a programme note reminds us that such slides often were used facetiously in those days. The films themselves—the first reel of a feature, to represent an instalment of a serial; several shorts, including a newsreel; and a "Drama of Varsity Life" called *The Road to Ruin*—it is quite impossible to take seriously. In the Drama, one of the main reasons for this is the ludicrous maturity of the hero, who is shown taking leave of his loving mother and setting out for his first term at Oxford at an age when one might expect him to be thinking of retirement after prosperous years in the City. Comic though the programme is, it is historically though hardly aesthetically valuable, and the National Film Theatre is entitled to unbend at Christmas. (N.B.: It is open only to Members and Associates of the British Film Institute: write to 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.)

\* \* \* \* \*

### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London: *Miracolo a Milano* (10/12/52) and *The Seven Deadly Sins* or *Les Sept Péchés Capitaux* (24/12/52). And still *Kon-Tiki* with *Les Inconnus dans la Maison* (22/10/52) and of course *Limelight* (29/10/52).

The only new release to mention is the new Crosby-Hope-Lamour *Road to Bali*, which has some good crazy fun. Remember *The Thief* (26/11/52) and *The Turning Point* (29/10/52) RICHARD MALLETT



Hans the cobbler and his ballerina—JEANMAIRE AND DANNY KAYE



## Booking Office



### The Few and the Many

**The Ruling Few.** Sir David Kelly. *Hollis and Carter*, 25/-.  
**Rumours of Wars.** A. J. P. Taylor. *Hamish Hamilton*, 15/-.

TO be taken privily by an Ulster nannie to Westminster Abbey to spit on Mr. Gladstone's tomb was not perhaps a conventional upbringing for a future ambassador; on the other hand Sir David Kelly was fortunate in a stepfather who wired to him while he was at Oxford (1911): "Would you like to visit Russia we start to-morrow morning." Before entering the Diplomatic Service he had already travelled widely, and from his demobilization in 1919 was on post in Argentina, Portugal, Belgium, Sweden, Switzerland, Mexico, Egypt, Turkey and Russia, where he was our Ambassador until a short time ago.

In *The Ruling Few* he describes his experiences with a keen sense of the world politics against which they took place. It is a long and full autobiography, that permits a saddening sketch of an Oxford in which a good felt hat cost seven-and-sixpence; but although on the personal side it is vivid and entertaining, its chief interest lies in Sir David's summings-up as a diplomatist and in his first-hand information about contemporary affairs. His title he takes from a cardinal point in his professional philosophy: that the men who matter in

a country are always a very small group, with which it is the prime duty of an ambassador to be on close terms. This and his statement that in a modern democracy the ordinary man is "a passive and uncomprehending agent" would seem to suggest that public opinion counts for little; and here he scarcely does himself justice, for elsewhere he stresses the importance of reliable propaganda services and the danger of ignoring "not only the immense influence of the human will and sentiment but the extent to which these are ultimately formed by religious belief." In signs of a new craving for religion he sees a chance for the Western world.

His chapters on up-to-date conditions in Russia are so clear, so informative, and will be to many so staggering, that somehow they should be made available to a much wider public, and certainly to the schools. That we are dealing with men of grotesquely different outlook is something we still find difficult to grasp. We have not yet understood that Stalin has reversed every liberal trend in the 1917 Revolution, or that the Socialism which appeared at one time to make at least a flimsy bridge between West and East is what he most detests. Nor have the starry-eyed who blithely sign peace petitions taken the trouble to find out that the formation of peace committees was a deliberate weapon of corrosion laid down by the Cominform in 1949. The calculated distortions conscientiously absorbed by the great dumb of Russia would be hilarious if they were not so terrifying; in the theatre, where Sir David found amusement in plays about bestial Western warmongers, even poor Lady Hamilton is installed as an international spy. He thinks the chief dangers to the Soviet system lie in its extreme centralization, its discouragement of initiative, and its dependence on the tactical ability of a single leader; and for our part he is convinced that "by the right combination of strength with patience and reasonableness the present uneasy situation may be prolonged indefinitely."

On our policy towards Russia, Mr. A. J. P. Taylor says much the same thing, in *Rumours of Wars*, a collection of historical essays, many of them in the form of book-reviews and comments on diplomatic documents. But unlike Sir David Kelly he substitutes for religion and the force of human instinct a rather bleak trust in the intellectual supremacy of rational man. He believes there is still a middle way for the West between Utopianism and despair: "That is to take the world as it is and to improve it; to have faith without a creed, hope without illusions, love without God." Mr. Taylor has an acid and penetrating mind, distinguished by an agreeably dry wit. With some of his very confident assertions I disagree violently, but these essays are by an original thinker, and often cleverly argued.

ERIC KEOWN





**Portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds.** Edited by Frederick W. Hillen. Heinemann, 21/-.

Mainly from the vast accumulation of Boswell papers at Yale, which has already afforded us the great biographer's London and Holland journals, Professor Hilles of that university has collected a miscellany of writings, for the most part hitherto unpublished, of the first President of the Royal Academy. They make a most interesting little book, in which Reynolds' engaging personality is everywhere manifest; though to equate their importance, as Professor Hilles appears to do, with that of the "Discourses" is surely to display a questionable sense of proportion. Pride of place among them is given to three "portraits"—of Goldsmith, Johnson and Garrick—and these, which are essentially studies in the relationship of character to social behaviour, display a sanity of judgment such as is not the invariable accompaniment of genius. They are penetrating, just and humane. Equally admirable, though in lighter vein, are two Johnsonian dialogues, which are really first-rate pastiche; while an essay on Shakespeare, fragmentary as it is, is a far from negligible piece of criticism. As for Professor Hilles' editing, conscientiousness could hardly have been carried further.

F. B.

**Hitler: A Study in Tyranny.** Alan Bullock. Odhams, 25/-.

It is not often that a man reveals the whole of his character in his public appearances and public works (if this term can be divested for a moment of its aura of benevolence): most men who achieve notoriety are complex enough in mental make-up to warrant repeated analysis by the historians and a full quota of new judgments. But Hitler, it seems, was neither a man of parts nor a man of mystery. Our first impressions were correct, and every new scrap of evidence supports the thesis that he was a villain, a loutish, detestable, blundering tyrant. So this long and scholarly biography offers nothing new that is of fundamental importance, and it is a tribute to the author's skill in documentation and narration that the book is so instructive and interesting. We still know little of Hitler's early years, but his "war-lord" period has been brilliantly illuminated by Mr. Bullock's masterly arrangement of the detail contained in the diaries of Ciano, Goebbels and others.

A. B. H.

**Green Thoughts.** Sir Stephen Tallents. With drawings by Brian Alderidge. Faber, 15/-.

Even those who scissor out Sir Stephen Tallents' weekly contributions to the *Sunday Times* and keep them in the ample envelopes that come with garden catalogues will want to buy the volume in which they are collected. The happiest of many amplifications of reprints that stand leisurely re-perusal is a treatise on mowing, recommended as a useful diversion for both

sexes from fifteen to eighty. Useful diversions are the countryman's strong point and their results increase the untaxed wealth of the countryside. Here you have wood fires, their material and making; geese as lawnmowers and provender—with sidelights on plucking and pillows; moles, as a fur coat for your daughter; grey squirrel *en casserole*; willows for those who like them to weep aesthetically or produce pussy catkins—and for makers of cricket-bats; and, best of all, little books bound in rat-leather (or half-rat) for Christmas presents.

H. P. E.

#### SHORTER NOTES

**The Dark Saviour.** Robert Harling. *Chatto and Windus*, 12/6. Further experiences of the narrator of "The Paper Palace": this time a newspaperman's view of a near-revolution in a Caribbean island and the activities of the Communist-encouraged young Negro spellbinder who starts it. Ample, always absorbing narrative with two or three peaks of suspense and action.

**Red Lion Inn.** Robert Payne. *Hale*, 10/6. A readable though highly romanticized story about a Thames-side tavern fifty years ago. The relief of Mafeking, the death of Queen Victoria, Marie Lloyd at the Tivoli, help to furnish the Edwardian atmosphere, but a good deal of the "period" detail belongs more properly to 1800 than to 1900.

**Ring and Walk In.** Miriam Borgenicht. *Hamish Hamilton*, 9/6. Psychological thriller of coldly calculated horror. Fashionable New York consultant with chill and disciplined plotting seeks to reduce his stepchildren to . . . what? He is foiled by the children's father, but not before much icy water has flowed down many a spine. Quaveringly recommended.



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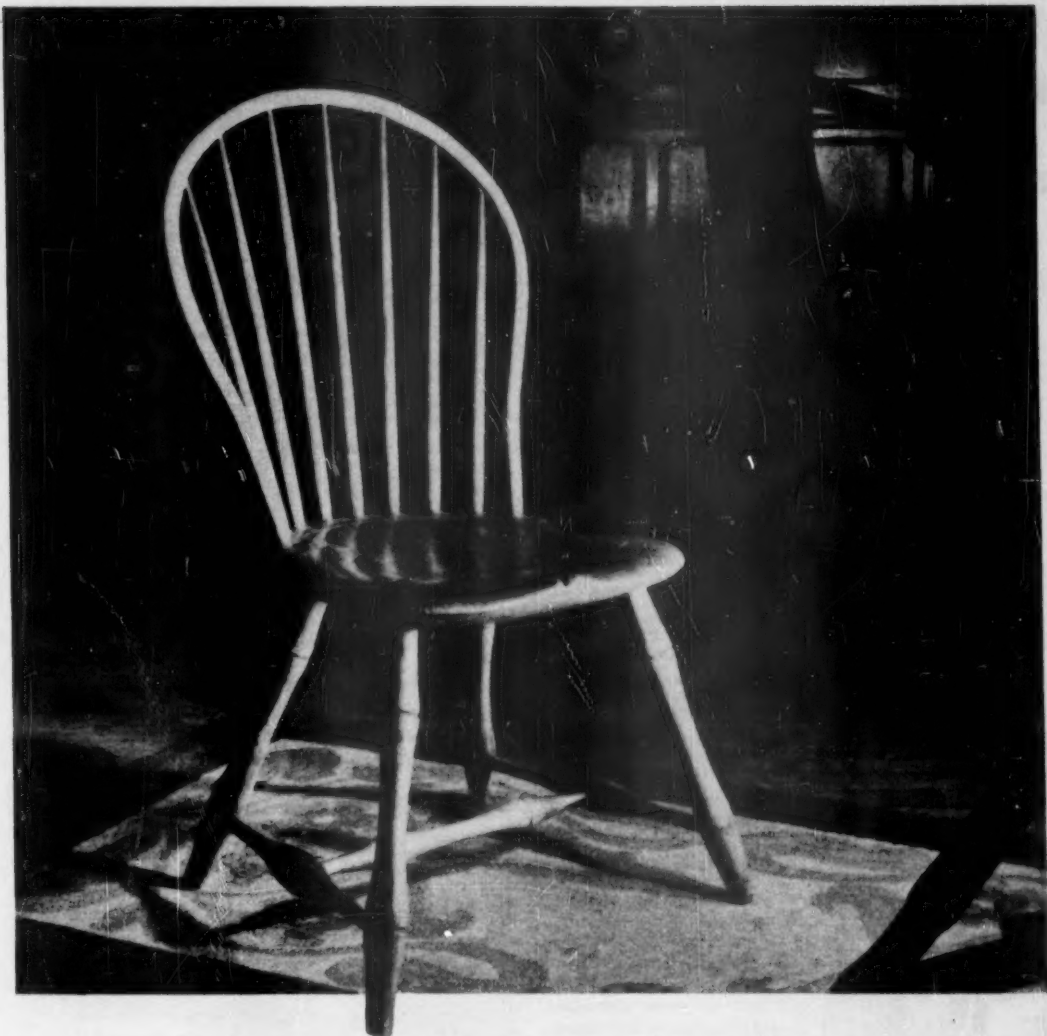
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